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**BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS**
—THE
BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure
vegetable tonics, quickly and completely
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness,
Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever,
and Neuralgia.
It is an unrivaled remedy for Diseases of the
Stomach and Liver.
It does not injure the teeth, causes headache or
produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
It cures and purifies the blood, stimulates
the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, re-
stores exhausted vitality, and strengthens
the muscular and nervous system.
For Intermittent Fevers, Languor, Lack of
Energy, etc., it has no equal.
Beware of cheap imitations. The genuine has
above the name and trade mark and
crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by **BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. M. RAMSEY,
Office—Ground floor, next door to Hopkins
Livery Stable.
SOUTH MAIN STREET.
Leave Orders at Stable.
IN OFFICE DAY AND NIGHT.
Jan. 18-19.

J. C. Shannahan,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
Nashville St., near Depot. All styles
made at bottom figures and his guarantee.
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HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rear Room over Planter's Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
(17 Jan 1-18)

ANDREW SEARCENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
—OFFICE ON—
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE HOPPER'S
DRUG STORE.
Nov. 7-18-19.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 11

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's. Store.
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan. 1-18-19

COOK & RICE,
PREMIUM LAGER BEER
CITY BREWERY.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
No. 214, upper Seventh St.
S. 19-20-17.

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT,
No. 21 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

HORSES AND MULES
BOUGHT and SOLD

Polk Cansler's
Livery Feed & Sale Stable.
Auction sale of Live Stock, sec-
ond and fourth Saturdays in each
month. Special livery rates given to
commercial men.
Russellville Street, near Hotel.
Come and see me.
POLK CANSLER.

BETHEL
Female College.
A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The spring session was opened on Monday,
Jan. 12th, 1885 and continues to 20 weeks. Right
teachers. Terms as elsewhere. For catalogue
or information apply to
J. W. RUST,
Hopkinsville.
Tele. No. 3.
Sept. 9-19.

GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, OVER
LANG BELL'S SALOON.
They would be pleased to wait on
all who may call on them.

MYRA CLARK GAINES.

**Death of the Famous Litigant at
New Orleans—The Great Suit
Which She Prosecuted For-
ty Years**

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the
famous litigant, died at New Orleans,
January 19th, aged eighty years. The
first suit brought by Mrs. Gaines
and Mrs. Whitney was against the
trustees for some property left by her
father, Daniel Clark, under his will
of 1811, which had then been probated,
but eventually that was abandoned,
as she claimed to have dis-
covered proof of a later will, in which
she was recognized as his sole heir.
This will was never produced in
court, but a man named Francois
Dumas De La Croix, an intimate
friend of Clark, testified that it had
been read to him by Clark himself a
short time previous to his death, and
he was told it would be found after
his demise in a little black box in the
room he occupied. As soon as Clark
died De La Croix looked in the box
for the will, but failed to find it.
This, however, was the basis of the
claim which she has prosecuted for
forty years against the city of New
Orleans and others who had purchas-
ed the property of Ralf and Chew,
the administrators under the will of
1811.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines was born
in New Orleans in 1805. Her father,
Daniel Clark, born in Silky, Ireland,
about 1755, emigrated to New Orleans,
where he inherited his uncle's prop-
erty in 1799. He was United States
consul there before the acquisition of
Louisiana, and represented the Ter-
ritory in Congress in 1800-8. He died
in New Orleans, August 16, 1813, and
his estate was disposed of under the
provisions of a will, which gave the
property to his mother, Mary Clark,
who had followed him to America,
and was living at Germantown, Pa.
His business partners, Ralf and Chew,
were the executors, but was known to
have had a liaison with a young
French woman, during the absence
of her reputed husband in Europe.
Two daughters were born of this con-
nection, one in Philadelphia in April,
1802, the other, Myra, in New Orleans,
the latter was taken to the house of
Col. Davis, a friend of Clark's, nursed
by Mrs. Harper, and in 1812 went
with Davis' family to reside in Phila-
delphia, where she passed by the
name of Myra Davis. In 1830 Davis,
being then in the Legislature, sent
home for certain papers, and Myra in
searching for them discovered some
letters which partially revealed the
circumstances of her birth.

In 1832 she married W. W. Whit-
ney, of New York, who, in following
up the discovery, received from Davis
an old letter which gave an account
of a will made by Daniel Clark in 1813,
just before his death, giving all his
estate to Myra, and acknowledging her
as his legitimate daughter.
Whitney and his wife went to Matanzas,
Cuba, saw the writer of the letter,
and after collecting other evidence
instituted suit to recover the estate,
which included some of the most
valuable property in New Orleans.
On the trial of one of those causes,
Mrs. Harper testified that four weeks
before his death, Clark showed her
the will he had just made in favor of
Myra, permitting her to read it from
beginning to end, and acknowledging
the child's legitimacy.

Baron Boistardine testified that
Clark told him the contents of the
will and acknowledged the child.
On this and other similar evidence
the lost or destroyed will was receiv-
ed by the Supreme Court of Louisi-
ana as the last will of Daniel Clark.
By the law of Louisiana a testator
cannot make a devise to his illegitimate
child. It was proved by two sisters
of Myra's mother that Clark privately
married her in 1803, a Catholic priest
officiating, she having previously
learned that Des Granges, her sup-
posed husband, had a prior wife liv-
ing, and was therefore not legally her
husband.

Clark's contemplated acknowledgment
of the marriage was said to have
been frustrated by suspicions of her
fidelity, and deserted by him
she contracted a third marriage. In
another suit another United States
Supreme Court decided that the fact
of the marriage and the legitimacy
was established.

Mrs. Whitney survived her hus-
band and married Gen. Gaines, and
survived him also. In 1856 she filed
a suit in the United States Supreme
Court to recover valuable real estate
then in possession of the city of New
Orleans, and a decision in her favor
was rendered in the December term,
1867.

This substantially concluded one of
the most celebrated cases ever tried.
The value of the property claimed
was estimated in 1861 at \$35,000,000,
of which Mrs. Gaines had, up to 1874
obtained possession of \$5,000,000, and
numerous actions for ejectment were
still in progress.

Fisherman's Luck.

In Scotland they have a curious
way of fishing that takes the medal
for the ease and repose with which it
is conducted. The fisherman we
will say is after pike. Selecting a
big goose from his barnyard, or half
a dozen geese, as the case may be,
he ties a baited line about five feet long
to their feet, and on reaching the
water turns them in. The birds, of
course, swim out, and the fisherman
lets his pipe and sits down. In a
few minutes a fish sees the bait and
seizes it, giving the goose a good pull.
The bird starts for the shore at full tilt,
frightened half to death, dragging the
fish upon the bank, where it is
unhooked. The line being re-baited,
the feathered fisherman is again sent
out to try his luck. A flock of geese
can make quite a good haul in the
course of the day, the human fish-
erman having only to take off the game
and bait the hooks, the pulling in
and hooking being done by the
birds.

Concerning Red Hair.

Many people admire red hair, but
if you do not, Parker's Hair Balm
will impart to it a darker hue. It
will also thicken thin hair, eradicate
dandruff, and impart softness, glossi-
ness and life to hair which has be-
come dry and harsh. Not a dye,
does not soil the linen. Gives a de-
licious perfume. An elegant dress-
ing.
no. 5-1m.

Pat Donan's Nightmare.

[Philadelphia News.]

Everybody who is anybody, from
Manitoba to Bar Harbor, knows Pat
Donan. He is the man who wrote
for Proctor Knott, the Kentucky
congressman, his famous Duluth
speech, since the delivery of which
Mr. Knott has done nothing to make
him worth speaking about. Donan
several years ago delivered a Fourth
of July oration in the land of "The
Unsalted seas" that even now makes
part and parcel of every well-regu-
lated guide book of the great northwest.
He was a delegate to the Episcopal
convention that assembled in Phila-
delphia two years since, and being
temporarily hedged himself about
with ecclesiastical propriety, that he
might gain a bishop and a bishopric
for the territory of Dakota. He was
successful, of course, and since then
he has been known among his
familiar as the "bishop-maker."

Some of Proctor Knott's friends
have been foolish enough to con-
tradict the assertion that his incompar-
ably funny Duluth speech was written
by any one other than himself, and
even Pat. Donan will deny it. Here
after, however, even the latter
gentleman's reputation for veracity
will, in this respect at least need a
greater support than can ever be de-
rived from the land of the setting
sun, where exaggeration is unknown.
Mr. P. Donan has been invited to the
annual dinner of the Clover Club.
His reply is conveyed in a personal
letter to an officer of the club, an
excerpt from which is here given.
After reading it Mr. Proctor Knott
will surely not have the presump-
tion to claim the parentage of his
own literary infant. Pat. Donan
writes from Fargo, Dakota, under
date of December 22, as follows:

For any real delay and securing
neglect in the matter of acknowledge-
ment and replying to your very kind
letter I have good and sufficient
reasons plenty as the "blackberries."
Falsely gathered for Prince Hal
from the "Old fields" of Virginia or
somewhere else. I have never shown
my high appreciation of your com-
munication by propping myself up
to try and write you, when, according
to all the rules of physiology and
hygiene, as expounded by orthodox
pill-peddlers, I ought to be in bed,
with one ignorant of a country
doctor timing my pulse by an ancient
bull-eye watch with a big brass face,
chain, and dial, poking a pointer
several feet down my throat to
examine my overcoated tongue, and
a half-dozen good old ladies in
wrinkles and ruffled caps boiling my
feet in mustard broth, and tying up
my head in vinegared napkins. I
have for some time been putting
along the ragged edge of a spell of
pneumonia, with a double dose of
cough medicine, and I have been in
to fill the measure of my woes. I am
roasting with feverishness now—so
hot that cold water poured on me
would sizzle—so hot that the steam
from my seething blood makes my
hair dance on my head like an in-
furiated teakettle lid. My head is
roaring like a baby Niagara with
the coils, and aching as if it were de-
signed to melt into a thousand fin-
gers, every one of them with an ache
in it big enough to send a sacred
white circus elephant to bed under a
banyan tree, with his skull done up
in a camphored rag and his trunk
packed and checked over the Trans-
Jordan and New Jerusalem railroad
for another and perhaps no better
voyage. My eyes, blazing with blood-
shot fire, look like two drunken
locomotive headlights or a pair of
sneezed "Catharine-wheels" of
"Judas day," and seem bent on turn-
ing a double somersault out of my fry-
ing-pan sockets. My hands, as you
can see from my caricature, are
shaky as an average American
"patriot statesman's" principles
or a palsied old woman's tongue.
And the climax of my miseries is
capped with what a profane
young man would—but I, of course,
being a devout Dakota bishop-maker
and writing to a pink-tinted paragon
of all the journalistic virtues, graces
and proprieties, would not and could
not—style a d—l of a snuffle
in my nose, pepper-sauce, skim-milk,
the nectar of the gods and stale
"whisperer" all taste exactly alike.
The most thunderous blast of
Edison's coming megaphonic
blast that shall ever scare the
mermaids in ocean's deepest, dark-
green palace caverns into fits would
be a schoolboy whisper to my dullard
ears; and I cannot tell a tea-rose
from a single polioleat by the scent.
My face is so hideously swollen that,
while one side is frantically grinning
and chucking at some stupid thing
that has amused it, the other looks
on grim and stolid as a tobaccoist's
wooden Injun with a bad case of
mumps. I have to climb up a step-
ladder to see over my upper lip, and
have had to tie a 10 pound clock-
weight to the tip of one ear to balance
the opposite jaw. Talk about the
chiefest of all new-world virtues—
"cheek"—I have it by the cheeks.
I have dwindled away until I am
compelled to wear a Mackinaw
blanket and two pairs of cavalry
boots to make a shadow. Before
the swelling set in, my face had
grown so thin and sharp, and my
nose so long and peaked, that the
neighbors' children were constantly
running in to borrow the one for a
hatchet and the other for a gristle.
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